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A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY

OF

THOMAS SHIPLEY,

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

BY ROBERT PURVIS.

Delivered at St. Thomas' Church, November 23d, 1836.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

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1836.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of the people of colour, assembled immediately after the funeral of THOMAS SHIPLEY, in the First Presbyterian Church, in Seventh Street, 19th of September, 1836:

Rev. CHARLES W. GARDINER in the chair, and Mr. ROBERT PURVIS, acting as Secretary.

On motion, Messrs. James Forten, Sen., Robert Purvis, Bishop Brown, Rev. C. W. Gardiner, and Rev. Wm. Douglass, were appointed to prepare resolutions expressive of the sense of this meeting in relation to the decease of THOMAS SHIPLEY.

The committee accordingly have subsequently prepared the following preamble and resolutions :

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in his wise and inscrutable providence, to remove from among us, in the midst of his days, our sincere and active friend, THOMAS SHIPLEY, whose unwearied exertions have contributed much to the melioration of the long neglected condition of our people, and who, after having devoted his talents, a great amount of time, and no small share of his pecuniary means, to the glory of God, and the welfare of his despised countrymen, has now ceased at once to work and live among us, thereby creating a void which time can never fill : Therefore

Resolved, That we express to the Society of Friends, of which he was a member,—to the Anti-Slavery Society, in whose deliberations he bore a conspicuous part,—to his widow, and the other members of his family, our deep sympathy in a bereavement peculiarly afflictive to them, but shared in common by us all.

Resolved, That while we deeply deplore a bereavement which has deprived us of one, whose warm interest in our welfare was manifested on all occasions, we do nevertheless thank the Father of mercies for having

favored this community with such a bright example of self-denial and active philanthropy.

Resolved, that though the sigh of sorrow which bursts from the wounded heart, and the tear of virtuous sensibility or fond affection which rolls down the cheek of suffering humanity, is a tribute both natural and religious, yet to the memory of one so closely associated with our highest and best interests, something more substantial is required. Therefore be it

Resolved, That Robert Purvis be appointed to deliver an eulogium on the life and character of our departed friend.

JAMES FORTEN, Sen. President.

A
TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY
OF
THOMAS SHIPLEY.

BRETHREN:—While I have real and abundant reasons to pursue the usual formality, of apologizing for inadequacy, &c. I will not detain you on the present occasion to assure you of my conscious inability, even were the hasty remarks I am about to make, maturely deliberated and well considered.

You have, my friends, appointed me to the performance of a task, to which genius, glowing, glittering and profuse, could scarce add,—perhaps would detract from the high and distinguished character of the man to whose memory we have this night assembled to do honour,—but as the willing offering of the heart is always acceptable in the eyes of those whom *only* we desire to serve and please—our God, and the good and just, who, in this world of oppression and cruelty bear his impress,—we labour, therefore, under no sensitiveness that the ear of the critic will be harassed, or the heart of prejudice and scorn gratified; our humble desire is, in one united strain, to pour forth the highest and noblest feelings of our hearts' best affections, in holy tribute to the memory of him, who, I am assured, among the just, is now made perfect, in that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Hope, it is truly said, is the “anchor of the soul;” indeed, it is the great stay to fallen human nature, especially when oppressed, degraded and humbled in the dust. Hope encourages the heart and creates gladness therein, when untoward circumstances would cause faintness, langour and death. Oh! Hope, blessed Hope! were it not for thy transporting influences,

darkness and desolation would for ever brood where thou now impartest rays of consolation. Yet, Providence, for wise and inscrutable purposes, sometimes almost extinguishes the lamp of hope, and leaves the wretched and miserable to weep, despond, despair. But, and a little while, our spirits are rendered more buoyant, and the soul having been made to bow in humble humiliation, rises in the elasticity of joy, acknowledging in renewed fulness that God is just and wise, and that his purposes but tend to happiness, sure and everlasting. Such, my friends, apparently is our case; for in the death of that bright ornament of Christian love and philanthropy, THOMAS SHIPLEY, our lamp of hope seems to have been extinguished, and the morning of our day, reverted into the darkness of night. But recollection at hand assures us, that those holy principles enunciated and defended almost singly and alone by Mr. Shipley in his early career, have become widely diffused throughout this boasted land of equal rights. Yet, my friends, we have great and abundant reason to grieve, and pour out the deep feeling of bitter sorrow from our lacerated bosoms for him—the extent of whose loss we cannot now fully realize, and the blessings of whose labours are yet untold. We assemble to mourn for the man whose tears were as our tears, and whose heart, feelings and efforts were devoted to and concentrated upon the best interests of the confessedly oppressed coloured man; he now lies cold, inactive, and for ever dead! We come, my friends, to ask the mercy of God, and the blessings of God, upon our degraded condition. Oh! think of the eternity of our loss. Oh! think of the millions who yet writhe under the lash of irresponsible tyrants—of fathers who know not the moment when demons in human shape will make them childless—aye, wifeless, sisterless, friendless. Think, too, of our own firesides, our wives, our children, ourselves.—To-morrow, and the wife of your bosom, the child of your heart, the friend of your confidence, may fall a victim to the hellish talons of a northern kidnapper, be thrown into the presence of a prejudiced judge, and, without an intercessor, doomed to hopeless, hapless, interminable bondage; for where

is he, where is that man, who alike regardless of the promptings of interest, and the sneers and scoffs, the contumely and threats of human blood-hounds, dared valiently, openly, unceasingly to plead the cause of justice, and oftentimes extorted from the flinty heart of corruption and prejudice, the decree of right, and the enfranchisement of God's image, to the enjoyment of rights natural and indefeasible. Alas! he sleeps in the grave; there, in "cold obstruction, to rot." Mourn ye who can, for in the death of Thomas Shipley, the great sentinel upon the bulwark which the laws of our state have formed, and who has so long protected us by his unceasing watchfulness from the man-destroyer, has fallen. Yes, the watchman, the vigilant watchman, ever ready to sound the tocsin of alarm, when the hyena of his species was abroad—is now and for ever "wrapt in the coldness of the tomb." Without doing violence to my imagination, methinks the spirit of that holy and just man is now bathing in the light of everlasting love, having received the welcome of Jehovah, "well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." I can, on the other hand, hear loud exultations amid the lurid glare of the inhabitants of the infernal regions and their subjects on earth. Let the southern kidnapper rejoice; let those fiends who stalk our streets, like ministers of hell, to prowl upon unsuspecting victims, console themselves, that now, with impunity, they can wage war against God and human rights; for in the darkness of the tomb sleeps that voice, which so harassed their consciences, and thwarted their efforts. Happily, and alas, for such exultations, they are, they must be, but transitory; for the principles of Shipley, thanks to God, are rapidly diffusing themselves throughout the country; so, in firm expectation we are led to believe, that the period is near at hand, when "neither in state or city, or town or hamlet, will be found a lingering trace of a tyrant or a slave."

"Let mammon hold while mammon can,
The bones and blood of living man;
Let tyrants scorn while tyrants dare,
The shrieks and writhings of despair;

The end will come, it will not wait,
Bonds, yokes and scourges have their date;
Slavery itself must pass away,
And be a tale of yesterday."

True greatness consists in doing good to mankind. If this be true, then the subject of our address was an ornament to human nature. If I should be asked in what consists the evidence, I would point to broken hearts made whole—to sad and dejected countenances, now beaming with contentment and joy. I would point to the mother, now offering her free born babe to heaven, and to the father, whose cup of joy seems overflowing in the presence of his family, where none can molest or make him afraid.

To delineate fully the character of a man, we must know his principles; they must be unfolded, either to be abhorred or admired. This, my friends, brings us to the main point of our discourse, viz.: What were those principles, which made the character of Mr. Shipley so illustrious, and which will cause thousands yet unborn to revere and bless his name? They are principles couched in the belief of the justice of the abolition of human slavery; principles of truth and of love, and therefore eternal as that God who is emphatically TRUTH and LOVE. They are principles upon which rests the sacred volume; and if they become not fixed in the human heart, we must believe that religion is but an empty sound; conscience, that "inward monitor," must be destroyed; there must be no warning voice, no Divine vengeance—in a word, heaven, hell, eternity, judgment—must be believed to have their existence but in the wild fantasies of disordered imagination.

How then are these principles to affect this country and her iniquities? We answer, if they are principles which have their being and vitality from the very throne of God, why need we, poor miserable worms of the dust, dependant upon Him for every breath, fear consequences? But let us, for a moment, see the effect of these principles as enforced upon the consciences of men. Have slaveholders who have embraced them become more disquieted—have they been made

more reckless as to their temporal and eternal condition?—No! Has the northern apologist of the bloody system, who has received them?—No! But he has experienced his soul purged and cleansed from a sin, than which, no greater can be perpetrated against God and human nature. What is the effect of these principles upon ourselves? Have we become sanguinary? Do we believe that “they who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?” Do we desire the achievement of our natural, God-given rights, through blood and carnage?—No! they have had the effect of destroying or mollifying the warlike propensities of the flesh, and given us unshaken confidence in Him, in whose justice and invincibility we rely, with a consciousness, that the pride of this nation will be humbled, and her power paralysed, by the omnipotence of Jehovah. Yes, we believe that “the best human policy is that which is connected with a reverential regard to Almighty God, the Supreme Governor of the earth. Every plan which aims at the welfare of a nation, in defiance of his authority and laws, however apparently wise, will prove to be essentially defective, and if persisted in, ruinous. The righteous Lord loveth righteousness, and he has engaged to plead the cause and vindicate the wrongs of the oppressed. It is righteousness that exalteth a nation; and wickedness is the present reproach, and will, sooner or later, unless repentance intervene, prove the ruin of any people.”

Before we make any reply to the objections urged against our principles by our opponents, let us go back as far as 1780, when first in this State, the immediate, benign, and heavenly effects of these principles were exhibited. Whose heart is so adamantine, as not to revere and admire the beautiful preamble to the act of 1780, when all slaves in this state were made freemen. If there is but one latent spark of humanity left in such a heart, it will enkindle and blaze, until the whole soul is enwrapt in a flame of philanthropic joy—exclaiming, that Truth is powerful, beautiful, eloquent. An extract from the preamble reads—“It is not for us to enquire why, in the creation of mankind, the inhabitants of the several parts of the

earth were distinguished by a difference in features or complexion; it is sufficient for us to know that all are the work of an Almighty hand." Does Pennsylvania regret her having obeyed the Divine command to "open the prison doors, and set the captive free?" Is human nature so poor, imbecile and ignorant, as to say, that she was as impolitic as she was then just? Let the dastard, cowardly, thieving soul, but breathe this to her indignant freeman, and he would point you to her institutions, her cities, towns, hamlets, her verdant fields,—her teeming, growing, enlightened, bone and sinew population,—and would say, *here* is the evidence of our impolicy, here, the sad mishap, the awful catastrophe consequent upon our acting righteously. And, then, on the other hand, he would point to deserted halls, and dilapidated buildings, to exhausted lands, and meagre population—to whips and chains and gibbets, with naught above, or below, but the bare arm of God, made red by the iniquities of His people, and his sword, like the sword of Dionysius, suspended by a single hair of mercy.

Follow me, my friends, in exhibiting the glorious effects of these principles. But yesterday, and this same *peculiar* population, (who, although not in possession of all their rights, would rather enjoy for one hour what they have, than an eternity of the "*happiness of Southern slavery,*") knew naught of the blessed advantages of education, nor of the sweet consolations of religion; for the "*eyes of their souls were put out.*" Now behold them; look at their energy, industry, their public institutions, their innumerable beneficent societies, their churches, their property, their character. Let us, my friends, present ourselves to the world, and, in due deference to the dictates of modesty, challenge that world, to present in her annals a more rapid advancement of an oppressed people, in the scale of enlightened being, than that which has taken place in reference to ourselves. Though surrounded by difficulties, which that green eyed monster, prejudice, has piled and piled before and around us, until they reach the very clouds of Heaven, yet our march has been "onward,

right onward;" and, with unabated confidence in the holiness and purity of abolition principles, we are satisfied that the clogs, which are now fastened upon us, encumbering and deranging the great machinery of man, (that which, when undisturbed, places him in such glorious contradistinction to lower and subordinate beings,) will be removed, and the men of colour, standing in the full confidence of the nation, prove that though skins are different, minds they have as pure, as spotless and as highly intellectual as those of fairer complexions.

Follow the effects of these principles, and in their development, they unfold more beauties, they make staunch the pillars of God's church, they put infidelity and unbelief to shame—they discomfit and annul the foul mouthed predictions of the enemies of human rights.—Turn our attention to the year 1831, when first in this country was blown the startling blast of immediate emancipation, the nation was aroused—principle was getting ahead, truth had gathered strength; a "light had broke in upon our brain," we became awakened; although in the enjoyment of freedom, we felt, as human beings, we were not in the possession of all our Heaven decreed rights, we began to realize that the freedom we enjoyed was comparative, almost nominal. In the darkness of night we found ourselves, with nothing to stay us, but that hope which the tyrant cannot extract from the bosom of the most degraded slave, a hope which through the transforming influences of our blessed religion, secures to us the glories of everlasting happiness; we found in fact, that we were but breathing automita, but subjects to the will and whim of the white man. True, we have said, we challenged the world to produce another instance of like progress in "the scale of being," of an oppressed people, and considered our march "onward right onward."

But for this new developement of abolition principle, we might yet have been content with the slow and measured pace, of arriving, perhaps, in some half century, to the enjoyment of natural and inalienable rights. But the principles of *Shipley*, were embraced; they became seated firmly, and immov-

ably in the noble soul of a man, possessing zeal, fortitude, piety, as ardent, as stable and as pure, as poor fallen human nature can probably be possessed of, rendering him strong and invulnerable in his holy purpose as his name would indicate. He stood forth, but how was he received? with contempt; aye, the great *Goliath* of injustice, oppression and prejudice sneered at this modern *David* with his weapons of Love, Mercy and Truth. The contest was unequal; the Philistines (slave-holders and their abettors,) murmured, threatened, and finally incarcerated him in the loathesome confines of a prison house; but God was with him, and through His guidance, the stone of *Truth* sank deeply into the monster's head; and the groans, yells and loud imprecations which daily greet our ears from the South, are but the dying convulsions of the great monster, slavery. Metaphorical as I have been, I do not consider that I have transcended the bounds of truth, in applying what I have said, to that distinguished philanthropist, William Lloyd Garrison. Eighteen thirty-one started the first society having for its motto, the "Immediate Abolition of American Slavery." The "cradle of liberty," (Boston) was honored, by the formation of this society. It was composed of at first, but twelve men. They were without resources, unnoticed and scarcely known. They purposed to revolutionize public sentiment. In view of the smallness of their numbers, they were branded as fools or fanatics. Even we, the objects of their regard and affection, but supposed they would be discouraged and falter. Not so. Truth, Religion, Humanity, the Everlasting God, was with them. How now stands the case? Instead of one society, with twelve men, we have upwards of *six hundred*, with thousands and tens of thousands of the choicest and best spirits of the land as members. It was stated, at the last anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, that a million of papers, tracts, &c. &c. on the subject of abolition, were distributed during the preceding year; and, to render more efficient and successful their operations, they resolved to raise Fifty Thousand dollars for the present year, half of which amount was subscribed instanter. Let us now,

for a moment, turn our minds to the circumstance of the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Here we find our dear and beloved Shipley, (to whom we are indebted perhaps more than to any other man, save that veteran pioneer in the cause, Benjamin Lundy, for the existence of abolition principles,) busily engaged in its formation ; and here we find his name affixed to the immortal, and yet to be American-revered, declaration of sentiments then put forth. I cannot better exhibit the firm resolve and the invincibility of purpose, which animated the bosoms of those who composed that convention, than by reading an extract from their truly eloquent declaration of sentiments. They say, "our trust for victory is solely in God. We may be personally defeated, but our principles never. Truth, Justice, Reason, and Humanity, must and will gloriously triumph. Already a host is coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and the prospect before us is full of encouragement.

"Submitting this Declaration to the candid examination of the people of this country, and the friends of liberty throughout the world, we hereby affix our signatures to it, pledging ourselves, that, under the guidance, and by the help of Almighty God, we will do all that in us lies, consistently with this Declaration of our principles, to overthrow the most execrable system upon earth, to deliver our land from its deadliest curse, to wipe out the foulest stain which rests upon our national escutcheon, and to secure to the colored population of the United States, all the rights and privileges which belong to them as men, and as Americans; come what may to our persons, our interests, or our reputations; whether we live to witness the triumph of Liberty, Justice and Humanity, or perish untimely, as martyrs in this great, benevolent, and holy cause."

Let us now examine briefly the objections of our opponents, to the principles of abolition. First, however, let us find out who are our opponents. They consist of two classes of men—slaveholders, who are principally found at the South, and their ever ready apologists at the North. These latter are ashamed

to be called pro-slavites, and hence they have assumed the name of colonizationists. But whether as pro-slavites or colonizationists, they are the same malicious, determined haters of those whose skin is not colored like their own. They are the same miserable, impotent worms of the dust, who, regardless of the inexorable and awful retributions which await them, if repentance should not intervene, continue to make bare their puny arm, in defiance of the living God. These are our opponents; these are the men who are getting up mobs, to stop the current of *Truth*. These are the men, who, conversant with the bloody code of Robespierre, practise the system of their illustrious prototype, under the assumed name of Lynch Law, and commit acts against the rights of man, which would crimson the cheek of a Nero. These are the men, who, wonderful to relate! would fain make us believe that they are our friends!! Oh! ye marauders upon human happiness, we love you, and your schemes, as much as you value the happiness of those you are killing by oppression. What has your expatriating plan effected in the carrying out of its purposes, nefarious as farcical, viz. the removal to *their native country, of those who were born in America?* Nothing, nothing. Tired of detraction and abuse at home, you made allurement great, and temptation strong, to deceive and cheat the weary pilgrim of many sorrows. You were ready to dub us Governors, Majors, Colonels, Sheriffs, &c. &c. all to no avail. The approval of the people of color to your measures, could not be obtained; for, if that were done, Colonizationism, instead of being nearly extinct, would now be eloquent on many tongues; and missionary Liberia, Temperance Palmas, Spiritualizing Bassa Cove, Quaker Edina, and a host of Pennsylvanias, New Yorks, Marshalls, Marylands, and last though not least, Port or Fort Cresson, (in the language of him, whose name the latter place will immortalize,) would be "in most glorious and successful operation." Oh! when I think of these men, and their Liberia, forgive me, when I say, if I hate not them, I do hate all their diabolical schemes, with a refined, a perfect hatred; and while, my friends, I would not wish to be understood, as

having the most remote desire to denounce any part of God's created world, yet Liberia, (if you please, in the abstract,) as she is held out as the only appropriate home for the colored people of this country, and as that is the name which, like some fatal charm, increases the white man's prejudice against us, I cannot but anathematize; and bear with me, my friends, when I say of her—Liberia! thou modern Golgotha; thou receptacle of oppression's hate; thou land of disease, misery and death; hence! banish! thou art a humbug; a monster; sterile and corrupt.

To return, what are the arguments urged against our principles? Where Lynch Law will not prevail, appeals to the prejudices and passions are resorted to; and ignorance is only made the more profound, or wickedness more glaring, when they say that immediate abolition would lead to universal massacre; that the whites will extirpate the blacks, or "vice versa;" or the other alternative, of which says the *late celebrated* Rev. Robert Breckenridge, at the "mere entertaining the idea of which human nature sickens and revolts," viz. a general (southern mode, I suppose) intermixture of the colors. Both of these objections are like the

“ Baseless fabric of a vision,
—leave not a wreck of truth behind.”

They have no foundation in precedent, and are not in consonance with the conclusions drawn in the exercise of common sense. As to the latter, it comes in bad odour from the South. Let them first put an end to their noonday licentiousness; let them first teach their sons to love and respect the virtue of chastity, before they charge those upon whom no guilt of this kind can rest, with future prospective intermixture. When, however, it shall appear that the restoration of inalienable rights will compel people to marry those whom they now dislike, we will then have some faith in the charge, that immediate abolition will inevitably tend to "sicken and revolt human nature."

That insurrection and massacre are consequent upon the immediate enfranchisement of slaves, is equally absurd and

ridiculous. What! shall we be told, that those who are now trodden in the dust, whose bodies are subjected to the most cruel and tyrannical treatment, who, in a word, are treated in a manner tending to excite and inflame the worst passions of the human heart, and still choose rather to be the victims to unrelenting tyranny, than the fomenters or participants of bloody revolution—shall we be told, that these men, when kindness for cruelty, justice for robbery, is substituted, in a word, when they receive liberty for slavery, will then bathe the dagger in the bosoms of their benefactors? No—it is not human nature, neither is it characteristic of the African or his descendants thus to act. Insurrections have always taken place—insurrections will always take place—where slavery continues to exist. You cannot keep the human mind for ever locked in darkness. A ray of light, a spark from freedom's altar—the idea of inherent rights—each, all will become fixed in the soul; and the moment the slave feels it there—that moment his “limbs swell beyond the measure of his chaisis;” that moment he is free. Then it is that slaves die to be free-men; then it is supposed that one hour of virtuous liberty is worth an eternity of bondage; then it is, in the madness and fury of blood, the excited soul exclaims,

“From life without freedom, oh! who would not fly,
For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die!”

Our principles tend to avert a war of extermination. We wish to emancipate the master from the soul-perdition sin of slaveholding, as we wish to emancipate the bondman from his chains; for we do consider the master to be an object of pity; one upon whose brow is set God's seal of everlasting condemnation; for it is written of the man-stealer, “that thief shall die.”

If the principles which we have endeavoured to explain and defend to-night, and for the promotion and extension of which Thomas Shipley lived, and measurably sacrificed his life, be principles which teach men to “love their neighbours as themselves,” and secure a practical recognition of natural and

equal rights amongst men,—we say, it then behoveth us, as an oppressed people, as Christians, as brethren, remembering “those that are in bonds as bound with them,” and as lovers of the character of the lamented Shipley, to do all that in us lies, for the advancement of these principles. We should be willing, active co-operators in the great work of Abolition; and, methinks, the most successful co-operation on our part will be an improvement in morals. Let us be more temperate; more virtuous; more honest,—carry out the great principles of moral reform, in the daily walks of our life; multiply and increase, as our first movement, temperance societies among our people, upon the short but comprehensive principle of “taste not, touch not, handle not” the unclean thing; by doing this, and whatever else is necessary, to amend the heart, to improve the morals, and cultivate and refine the intellect, you will give a glorious impetus to the cause of Abolition—you will revere the memory of Thomas Shipley. Our only hope for the enjoyment of equal religious and civil rights, depends upon the success attendant upon Abolition principles, and I do not believe that in this country there can be found an honest, virtuous man, aye, not a beggar with a coloured skin, but who so hopes and so relies.

My friends, I have done. I have not attempted—will not attempt—to describe the remarkable incidents in the life of Thomas Shipley; I leave this to abler hands; to those who are yet to be his biographers. I have feebly confined myself to the principles of Mr. Shipley, and in summing up the amount of his labours, may we not say of him, that if ever there was a man who lived, breathed and practically exhibited the truth and spirit of that Divine command which says, “Do unto others as you would have them do unto you,” that man was Thomas Shipley.

Not, however, to disappoint the expectations of any one present, I will briefly state, that Thomas Shipley was born in the city of Philadelphia, of Quaker parents, himself one of that denomination,—was connected with most of the benevolent societies of this city, and died President of the old Abo-

lition Society of Pennsylvania, having succeeded the venerable and philanthropic Rawle, to that important and benevolent station.

In personal appearance, Thomas Shipley was rather below the ordinary size of men; he was nevertheless remarkably active; his countenance indicated thought and benevolence; in the social circle, always communicative and interesting—and as a public speaker he was highly gifted; true, he possessed no modern blandishments; no rhetorical flourishes; no empty display of tropes and figures; his aim and end was always *Truth*; and in the enforcement of this, his manner was clear, cogent, eloquent; his was the eloquence which convinced the understanding, secured the affections, and captivated the heart,—and in this consists true eloquence.

He is gone! We weep over his remains, and in deep and holy feeling we sympathize with his bereaved family, in their loss of an affectionate husband, father and friend; a loss also to the cause of suffering humanity, for he was one whose tears were as waters of consolation to the heart-broken and oppressed,—to the community in which he lived, as a good citizen,—to the country at large, as a practical defender of her republican form of government.

He is gone! but his Christian virtues will be cherished, revered. Oh! may his broad and spotless mantle of philanthropy fall upon the shoulders of this great nation, and she, rising in her majesty, point to her banners, with her stars and stripes, as glorious emblems of a nation enjoying freedom, pure, unmixed, and impartial. And may we each and all hasten the period for this glorious consummation by following the precepts, and adhering to the principles of the great, good, and immortal THOMAS SHIPLEY, so that in dying we may “die the death of the righteous, and our last end be like his.”

TO THE MEMORY
OF
THOMAS SHIPLEY,

*President of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, who died on the 17th
of the Ninth Mo. 1836, a devoted Christian and Philanthropist.*

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Gone to thy Heavenly Father's rest—
The flowers of Eden round thee blowing !
And, on thine ear, the murmurs blest
 Of Shiloah's waters softly flowing !
Beneath that Tree of Life which gives
To all the earth its healing leaves—
In the white robe of angels clad,
 And wandering by that sacred river,
Whose streams of holiness make glad
 The city of our God for ever !

Gentlest of spirits !—not for thee
 Our tears are shed—our sighs are given :
Why mourn to know thou art a free
 Partaker of the joys of Heaven ?—
Finished thy work, and kept thy faith
In Christian firmness unto death—
And beautiful as sky and earth,
 When Autumn's sun is downward going,
The blessed memory of thy worth
 Around thy place of slumber glowing !

But, wo for us !—who linger still
 With feebler strength and hearts less lowly,
And minds less steadfast to the will
 Of Him, whose every work is holy !
For not like thine, is crucified
The spirit of our human pride :
And, at the bondman's tale of wo,
 And, for the outcast and forsaken,
Not warm like thine, but cold and slow,
 Our weaker sympathies awaken !

Darkly upon our struggling way
The storm of human hate is sweeping ;
Hunted and branded, and a prey,
Our watch amidst the darkness keeping !
Oh ! for that hidden strength which can
Nerve unto death the inner man !
Oh—for thy spirit tried and true
And constant in the hour of trial—
Prepared to suffer or to do
In meekness and in self-denial.
Oh, for that spirit meek and mild,
Derided, spurned, yet uncomplaining—
By man deserted and reviled,
Yet faithful to its trust remaining.
Still prompt and resolute to save
From scourge and chain the hunted slave !
Unwavering in the truth's defence
E'en where the fires of Hate are burning,
The unquailing eye of innocence
Alone upon the oppressor turning !
Oh—loved of thousands ! to thy grave,
Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore thee !
The poor man and the rescued slave
Wept as the broken earth closed o'er thee—
And grateful tears, like summer rain,
Quickened its dying grass again !—
And there, as to some pilgrim shrine,
Shall come, the outcast and the lowly,
Of gentle deeds and words of thine
Recalling memories sweet and holy !
Oh for the death the righteous die !
An end, like Autumn's day declining,
On human hearts, as on the sky,
With holier, tenderer beauty shining !
As to the parting soul were given
The radiance of an opening heaven !
As if that pure and blessed light
From off the Eternal altar flowing,
Were bathing in its upward flight
The Spirit to its worship going !

end.